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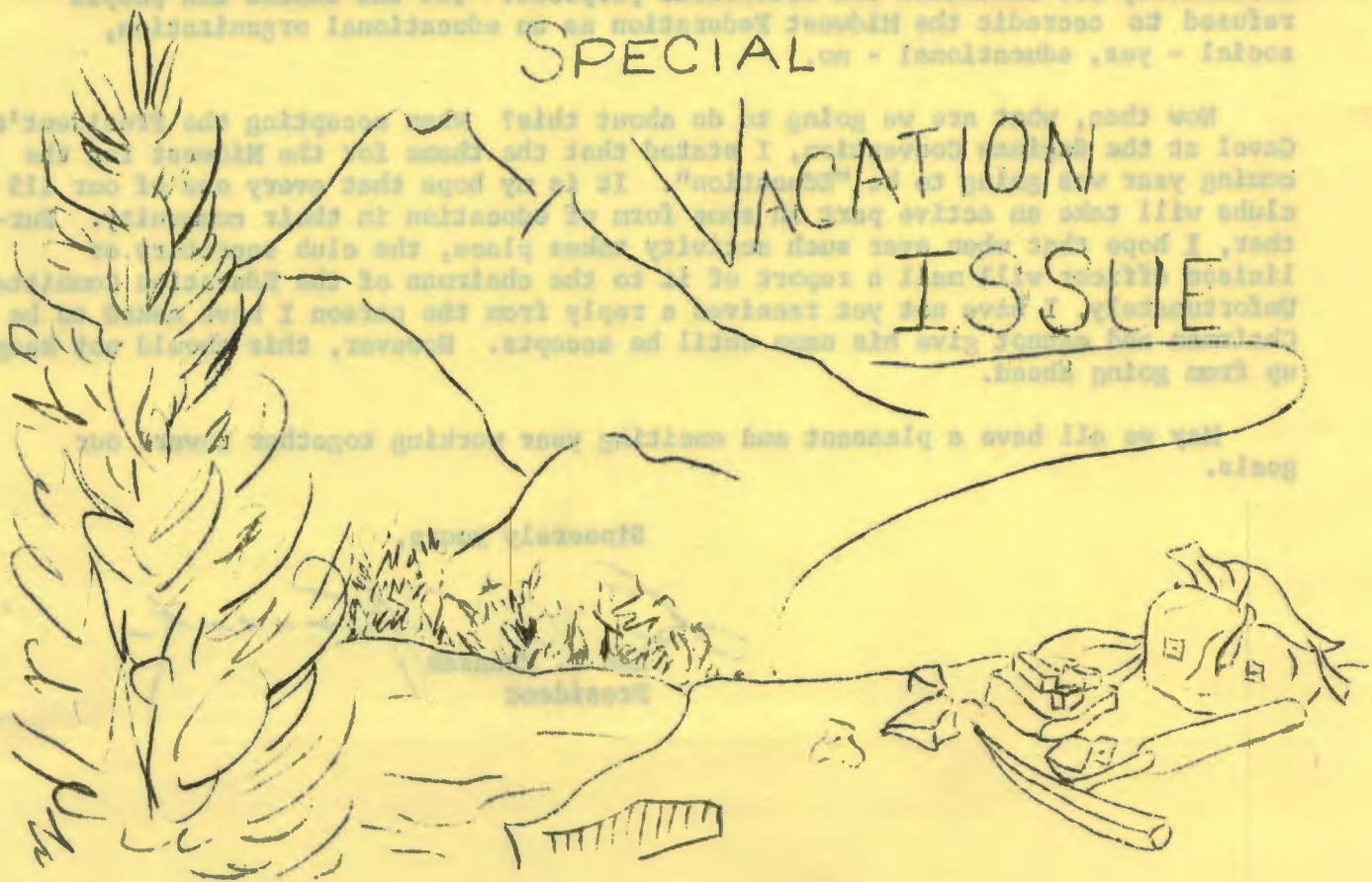
ISHPEMING ROCK & MINERAL CLUB, INC.

Published Quarterly

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MIDWEST FEDERATION'S

LETTER - A - MONTH

September, 1961

Subject: "Where Are We Headed?"  
By: Leo Yanasak  
President of the Midwest Federation

The 1961 Midwest Convention is now past history and we may focus our attention to the coming year. The question is, "Where Are We Headed For?"

In a recent letter to Ken Kyte of the Rolling Rocks Club Newsletter, Dr. H. C. Dake asked the same question. He was quite critical of the trend of most clubs to become social organizations, knife and fork gatherings. He states, "I have always been saddened by the fact that most of the many clubs all over the country have overlooked opportunities to engage in the more worthy "educational" phases of the hobby, even if in a small way."

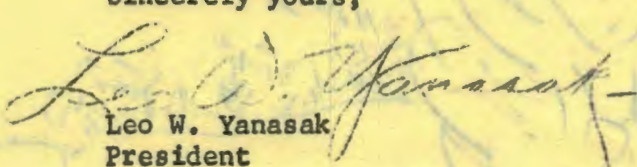
Our own June Zeitner of Mission, South Dakota, gave what Dr. Ben Hur Wilson termed the best lecture ever presented at a Midwest Convention. Those of us who heard the lecture agree with Dr. Wilson. June recommended very strongly that Midwest Clubs wake up to the many opportunities that arise for the promotion of education...that is education related to our hobby.

Our articles of Incorporation state that The Midwest Federation is created exclusively for education and scientific purposes. Yet the income tax people refused to accredit the Midwest Federation as an educational organization, social - yes, educational - no.

Now then, what are we going to do about this? When accepting the President's Gavel at the Saginaw Convention, I stated that the theme for the Midwest for the coming year was going to be "Education". It is my hope that every one of our 115 clubs will take an active part in some form of education in their community. Further, I hope that when ever such activity takes place, the club secretary or liaison officer will mail a report of it to the chairman of the Education Committee. Unfortunately, I have not yet received a reply from the person I have asked to be Chairman and cannot give his name until he accepts. However, this should not keep up from going ahead.

May we all have a pleasant and exciting year working together toward our goals.

Sincerely yours,

  
Leo W. Yanasak  
President

from our

R A M B L I N G

# President

(almost)

The President of the Ishpeming Rock & Mineral Club, after being called exactly six times by the Editor, Carol Kokko, to write an article for the "Jaspilite", finally took a pencil in his hand, looked around from room to room and said, "Why there isn't even paper in this house to write on."

The paper was found, a whole notebook refill, and he proceeded to write exactly five sentences, which covered the following items of interest something like this:

1. The circle-route rock trip to which only so few could go. (We couldn't go either.)
2. The beautiful amethyst, agates, and thompsonites brought back.
3. The tubsful of agates rockhounds in the Ely area had in their basements.
4. The local fieldtrip to the Ohio Mine, the fabulous storehouse of minerals. (He brought back some amethyst, smoky quartz, and sammet-blende goethite in quartz.)
5. He'd like to see more club members able to turn out for field trips. (He can't go half of the time himself.) He knows there are good reasons why many can not go in the summer such as work, trips to see relatives and friends, relatives and friends coming to visit them, vacations (the wife may not be a rockhound), the car broke down, the kids had the car, don't feel well, and what not--and so it goes. But everyone that goes always has a good time and brings back more rocks to scrub in the kitchen sink and drop the ore-y water on the floor.

It's lots of fun--isn't it? The good fellowship and all in our great outdoors. Bye now--I have to scrub the kitchen floor. We were out hunting rocks yesterday and I have to get the ore off of it.

P.S. I am giving Carol some clippings to wade through for items of interest to fill our "Jaspilite". Does anyone else collect clippings about rocks?

By Mamie for Elmer Jarvi, President

What is the largest topaz in the world?

It's a 596 pound topaz in the Museum of Natural History in New York City, which was found in Villa Rica, Brazil. Gem experts estimate that this big stone took 10 million years to form from liquid or igneous rock somewhere under the Earth's crust--before being heaved and shifted to the surface, where it could be discovered. Contrary to a widely held idea, all topaz is not yellow. The colors in the world's biggest topaz range from clear, to blue, to green, to the familiar yellow.

Pictorial Review - March 13, 1960

The oldest known rock formation in the world, Black Rocks, lying off the northern side of Presque Isle, Marquette, claims seniority among tourists, as well as geological attractions in this area. Technically known as Keweenaw Peridotite, these rocks are considered excellent examples of rock scoured by ancient glaciers. Evidences of glacial action are visible on some of the outcroppings in this chrysolite rock group.

from the Mining Journal - August 29, 1957

GALLERY 13

ROCK COLLECTION



"My husband collects rocks too. He keeps them in his head."

## THE ROCKHOUND ADMIRALS OF LAKE SUPERIOR

by Al, Al Jr., and Ron Murray

As the highway around Lake Superior was nearing completion, we began to consider making a trip around the Lake. When the Ishpeming Rock & Mineral Club also began to consider a trip, we got busy with the hunting of available information. Bill Locher and a couple of other fellows from Michigan Tech had made the trip around the Lake in the fall, and were very enthused over it. A committee was appointed to get all data for the trip. The Chamber of Commerce at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, furnished us with maps, guidebooks, lists of motels, and campsites.

We organized a one-week trip to start June 17 at Sault Ste. Marie. Because of sickness, car troubles, and other difficulties, the group was only thirteen--much smaller than anticipated. Bob Markert, Scott Markert, and Clem Neuman, all of Ishpeming, traveled with a Higgins trailer. Don Larson, Lewis Larson, and Jim Colk from Menominee were equipped with a smallhouse trailer. Miss Elizabeth Rogers with her aunt and cousin from Ishpeming had made advance reservations at motels along our route. Albert, Augusta, Albert Jr., and Ronald Murray used a utility trailer and tent.

The first three cars left Ishpeming on Saturday morning and we left Escanaba late Saturday for Pancake Bay campsite. The others collected bornite, agate, and other copper minerals at Copper Mine Point on Saturday, and then camped at Pancake Bay Provincial Park. We arrived at the park after dark with a tent which we had never set up, and to make matters really grim, it had begun to rain; so we backtracked to a motel, and put up for the night.

We all hunted the beach at Whiskey Bay for agate on Sunday. We located some good violet and white banded agate, and a large piece of crazy lace patterned violet agate. While at Hibbard Bay, a few poor thompsonites were found. In the glacial gravels of Mica Bay, we gathered a lot of unakite pebbles. The road along this area passes through many beautiful pink and red rock cuts. At Montreal River Harbor, there is a spectacular view of the river from the

highway bridge. The Montreal River flows from a power dam through a series of rapids and rushes down a deep narrow gorge under the bridge.

All through the Thearo Point area, we had been watching for a pitchblend occurrence that was being developed as a mine and tourist attraction. We found it a short distance from the Montreal River Harbor, just beyond the crest of a steep hill. It is called the Ranwick Uranium Mine, and although it was not yet open at that time, the owner was very friendly and helpful. The ore body consists of two veins of pure pitchblende totaling two and one-half inches thick. Some specimens of the ore contain rare lead selenide and native selenium. There is also a small amount of the yellow uranium oxide  $U_3O_8$ . At the owner's direction, we prospected through the waste rock with our scintillation counter and came up with several very hot specimens. Wawa, here we come.

The campsite at Wawa was a leveled-out hill in the middle of a marsh, all dry sand, not one tree, but the tent stakes were easy to drive. This was our first setup of a homemade tent with a frame of thinwall conduit and four separate tarps. We had ample room. Our tent was 10 ft. by 12 ft. with 7 ft. of headroom at the center and 5 ft. at the sides. Part of our equipment was a 3 burner bottle gas stove which we appreciated at night when the temperature went down to the 30's. We lit one burner when we retired and a second burner in the small hours of the morning. Comfort plus!

Our cooking was on a community plan with each group throwing in what they expected to eat. We had a large community coffee pot and fry pans, and we all brought the same list of groceries along. Although we lit fires in the fireplaces or stoves at the campgrounds to keep away the flies and mosquitos, we cooked with bottle gas. This is a real luxury and a wonderful time saver. I will not bore you with a list on menus, because I want you to finish reading this instead of

heading for the refrigerator; however, the list included all manner of canned meats, vegetables, and fruits, bacon, eggs, pastries, and other non-perishable foods. We made breakfast as a group, and a peck of sandwiches and gallons of coffee for noon lunch, which we ate separately wherever we happened to be collecting at the time; and then rejoined for our evening meal.

On a hillside overlooking the highway, stands the great goose of Wawa. At the time we were there, a scaffold was erected around it, which detracted from its photogenic qualities. Before leaving Wawa, we went to the ranger station for permits to enter the brush, and then we visited the Cooper and Stanley gold mines which were worked out many years ago. Moose tracks galore, but no moose. We collected pyrites, quartz, crucibles which were used for melting gold, and half a bucket of sand from under the stamp mill which was slipped into my bag by Ron while I wasn't looking. Two miles of walking back to the cars for lunch and then highball for Rosspport.

The road in the White River area is more or less flat with many marsh areas where moose are plentiful. All the other groups saw moose along the way except those in our car; however, we did see a hen partridge with its brood of chicks at one point along the road where we stopped. The scenery as we approached Marathon is magnificent. From the highpoints Lake Superior is visible with its many wooded islands and bays. Along here the road winds over and around the rocks and any cuts are small, but they increase in size as Rosspport is approached.

Much of the road is located in virgin territory and there are no bill boards or other things to spoil the beauty of the views. There is a good deal of spruce along here and although they are not too big in diameter, they are tremendously tall. This is something I noticed about all species of trees along the route.

Our third night we spent at Rosspport Provincial Park along Lake Superior. About 8 miles west of Rosspport there are some tremendous rock cuts long and deep. Here we collected purple fluorite crystals, crested barite, and amethyst crystals. This was by far the best site we encountered. The material from the cuts was used as fill

in the low areas between cuts and we found excellent collecting along the shoulder of the road.

In one place on the north side of the road we found a cavity about 12 ft, up which we were able to climb up to. I pulled out many beautiful large clumps of crested barite reaching in the full length of my arm and hammer. I started to pull on another piece a little higher up and noticed the piece above it move, so I checked cautiously by wiggling it again and saw several pieces above it move. We got down from our perch, gathered our specimens and left this place. The rock cuts along here are almost vertical and 60 to 70 ft. high with much loose material hanging, and I had no desire to be buried by a slide. The specimens which we found here included flawless translucent cubes of purple fluorite almost 1/4 in. in size, large tan-gray fluorite intergrown cubes mostly opaque, amethyst, purple of good color in individual crystals, and small pockets and layers, smoky quartz dark brown to black, and barite in small thin tabular crystals in pockets, very good small crested barite; large 2 to 3 inch crests light tan and gray and pinkish. Some of the druzy quartz specimens were quartz on fluorite on quartz. After making several more stops along the way, we left for Sibley Provincial Park. There is a change in the rock formations as we go further west. Here the rock forms great palisades hundreds of feet straight up with great sloping talus bases; this together with the view of Lake Superior, its islands and bays, is a truly inspiring sight.

We arrived at Sibley Provincial Park between 6 and 7 o'clock, and took the west road in to the camping area. On the way, we turned out to sightseeing area where we drove across glacially polished rock for several blocks to an observation platform perched out over the edge of the rock and Lake Superior, 450 feet straight down. We continued on to the camping area where we started a fire, erected the tent, and began to get supper. The Markert car was last to arrive being on its second lap through the park.

Suddenly came morning, and we ate,

broke camp, and left for Grand Marais, passing through Port Arthur and Fort William. While in Port Arthur, we received our "Admiral of Lake Superior" certificates; then on to the campsite. This was far and away the best camp ground at which we stayed; hot and cold running water, showers, inside plumbing, good stoves and wood, thunder eggs on the beach, beautiful trees, and the thompsonite king-Mr. Howard Jackson, a grand old man who had us out to his home in the evening where we admired dozens of trays of polished thompsonites, and hundreds of other mineral specimens. The following morning we collected thompsonites with Mr. Jackson acting as our guide, and we chiseled hundreds of them out of the rock. After thanking Mr. Jackson and saying good-bye, we left for Ely, Minnesota.

We were guests of the Mesabi Rock & Mineral Club, Greenstone Division. We attended a meeting and trading session at the community center which was set up so our group could meet the members of their club. After a pleasant evening, we returned to our camp site in one of Minnesota's state parks. Dick Lake acted as our guide and host while we were in his area. He spared no effort to conduct us to mines and collecting sites and introduce us to the rockhounds out there. The following night we met with the Mesabi Rock and Mineral Club at Chisholm. More trading, more talking. While in Minnesota, we visited the Minnesota Museum of Mining, the Douglas, Hull Russ Mahoning, and Soudan Mines. At the Douglas we found beautiful hematite crystal micro mounts material, green quartz, and other specimens. Over a crooked rutted road we went to the Hull Russ Mahoning and the goethite there is fabulous. It is only a short walk from the place where we parked to the collecting area less than one-half mile mostly up and down. The limit on what you get here is a matter of how much you can carry. Great masses of stalactitic goethite, grape, columnar, and other forms. There is much gem quality material here, and it will polish wonderfully. We gathered a quantity of cretaceous pebbles of hematite in a field nearby, which can be polished by rubbing them in your hand. At the Soudan, the superintendent took all the junior members and Mrs. Murray for a four-mile tour of the mine in his station

wagon. They were on hand to witness a blast at the working face. They stopped and collected different minerals including excellent psilomelane. We took leave of the rest of the party at the Hull Russ Mahoning to go to Duluth and shop. We started out of the mine which has a maze of roads and switchbacks, and at one point instead of taking a switchback and leaving on the road by which we entered, I continued up a hill to the top because we wanted to see the view, and our car compass said the direction was O.K. A few blocks away over the hill was a good highway which we headed for, and Dick Lake and Bob Markert came tearing after us, fearing that we would get lost. They caught up to us just at the highway. Dick thanked us for being inquisitive, because we had found them a better route in and out of the mine.

From this point on, we were homeward bound, so we close by wishing the best of luck to all future rockhound "Admirals of Lake Superior."



## OUR TRIP TO SOUTH DAKOTA - August, 1960

Walter decided to take part of his vacation the last week in August which also included the Labor Day weekend. All summer long we had been toying with the idea of taking a trip to South Dakota to the Black Hills, the Mount Rushmore Memorial, and the Badlands. We finally decided to go on Friday, August 26 (the day before we left).

Saturday morning, we surveyed all that had to go into the little red Rambler station wagon. I knew at a glance if we put everything inside, there would be no room to make a bed in the back for the boys to nap. Very innocently, I asked Walter how long it would take him to make the luggage box for the top of the station wagon (which he had been planning to do all summer). "Oh, an hour," and he trotted off to the lumber yard for wood. About an hour and a half later, the luggage box was completed, but the screws were too short to hold on the suction cups, so off he went to Montgomery Ward's for bigger screws, and he also purchased a tarpaulin. After much fussing and fuming, everything was ready, but the tarpaulin was too small; so again the trip to Montgomery Ward's for a larger size. Finally, everything was set and we left Marquette at 1:50 p.m. By this time it had started to rain and it developed into a down pour.

At about 5:00, we decided to eat our picnic supper and we stopped at one of Wisconsin's lovely waysides; the rain had let up. We were happily eating when it decided to rain in buckets again and we scooped everything up and dashed for the car--all except Kenneth who sat there calmly eating his supper. He probably figured that as we always wait for him to finish, the rain would too. We continued on, with Minneapolis as our goal, and finally reached it about 10:30 that night. It is a very large, beautiful city; what little I could see of it in the dark and the rain. We started to look for a motel, but all were filled up and after much searching we found a cabin about midnight. It was no palace, but it sure looked good to us.

The next day presented cloudy skies and

rain. We traveled through the state of Minnesota in downpours, thunderstorms, and even a hailstorm. We couldn't figure out if the rain was following us or if we were driving into it. I was ready to turn around and go home. We finally hit clear, cloudless skies and sunshine in South Dakota.

At this point, I would like to describe the kind of country we passed through. Wisconsin is a lovely state, with its rolling hills, green trees, and dairy farms and hundreds of beautiful lakes. Minnesota has larger farms, devoted mostly to the growing of corn. Livestock - chickens, cows, pigs are kept near the house and farm buildings. The eastern portion of South Dakota is also devoted to corn. I never saw so much corn in my life. As you travel further West, the land gets flat and turns into range land. There is hardly any water and no trees, except for a few around the towns. The land is covered with brown prairie grass and that is all you see for miles and miles with cattle grazing. At Pierre, the land starts to rise again, and now there are hills of brown prairie grass.

We arrived at Pierre about sunset, and it was a beautiful sight nestled down in a valley between these hills. Pierre is the capitol of South Dakota and does not seem to be large enough for a state capitol. However, it is a lovely town; I certainly would not call it a city.

Six miles from Pierre, we visited the Oahe Dam, construction started in 1948 and to be completed in 1964, at a cost of \$360,000,000. The Oahe Dam will be the largest rolled-earth dam in the world when completed. It will be 9,300 feet long and 242 feet high. Made up of 90,000,000 cubic yards of shale and earth excavated in the vicinity and piled and compacted in the huge embankment, the dam diverts the Missouri River through 6 massive outlet tunnels. There will be a 250 mile long reservoir, and the power facilities with a capacity of 595,000 KW. We took pictures of the dam at sunset, and, being afraid they would not turn out,

some in the daylight the following morning.

The rest of South Dakota presented more rolling hills of prairie grass, and it was hot and dry. We drank water across the entire state of South Dakota. You just don't want to eat. We stopped at Wall Drug near Rapid City. We just had to stop and see what it was all about because there had been signs advertising it for about 400 miles. It turned out to be an oversized souvenir shop with the usual tourist junk and high prices. I had an opportunity to study Western jewelry which were made out of stones from all over the West, many of which I hoped to find. Ha! I also bought a piece of rose quartz and tourmaline for my rock collection.

We hit Rapid City that night which is quite a bustling, busy town, much larger than Pierre. All the streets and sidewalks are much wider than in the Eastern and Midwest cities. With all the wide open prairies, the town's fathers didn't have to skimp when they laid out the streets. Also, Rapid City is a dustbowl. The clouds of dust just hang in the air and shroud the whole city. Even from a hilltop you can see the dust rising from the city about 30 feet high. How people can live in it, I don't know. It was not for us.

The next morning we went to the museum at the Rapid City College of Mining and Technology. Here was a wonderful collection of rocks from all over the world. We saw all kinds of agate, polished, some as large as a fist, and some as large as a toaster. They made our puny pea-sized agates look sick! I busily wrote down all the locations of any stone found in South Dakota hoping to find some of the same--dreamer that I am. After the museum, we proceeded to the Black Hills. Naturally, it was hot--100 degrees. The Black Hills, although higher than our Michigan mountains, are not as pretty. The vegetation is not as thick, mostly pine and birch. Everything was very dry and looked that way. Even the pine needles were drooping. They had only had rain twice that summer.

That afternoon we drove up to Deadwood which took after its name--dead. Stopped to see the graves of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane. Then we went over to Lead

(pronounced leed), home of the Homestake Gold Mine, the only major producer of gold in the country. Lead is called the "mile-high city"--it is a mile high, a mile high and a mile deep. Actually, the city and the mine buildings are on top of a mountain. The 200 miles of tunnels in the mine are burrowed beneath all the homes and stores of the city of Lead! The mine has three shafts, two of which are 5,000 feet deep and the third is 6,250 feet. The mine annually mines 1,700,000 tons of ore. Each ton of ore yields 0.33 of one ounce of gold. The mine produces three bricks of gold per day, worth about \$18,000 each. All gold is sold to the U. S. Government at \$35.00 per ounce.

We took a guided tour of the mine buildings and saw the elevators to the mine shafts, the hoists, and the mills where the rock is crushed, also how the gold is recovered by amalgamation and the cyanide process. The two Bobkos asked the poor guide a thousand questions but she was a crackerjack and answered all of them. We were not allowed to go down into the mine because it is a working mine. The miners are superstitious about letting anyone go down other than those who work in the mines, especially women. (This is also true of the iron mines in Michigan.)

After the Homestake Mine, we headed for the Needles Highway 40 miles away. This highway takes you up high into the Black Hills which have been eroded through millions of generations into fantastic forms and shapes. The soaring pinnacles of Cathedral Spires presents a magnificent and intricate formation of solid granite. Again we arrived near sunset and Walter took pictures fast and furiously to beat the oncoming darkness.

We drove to Mount Rushmore on scenic Highway 16A in the dark. The road went on and on, twisted and turned, up and down; we thought it would never end. We arrived at the Mount Rushmore Memorial about 8 p.m. The statues were lighted by floodlights and they were a magnificent sight to see. Washington, Jefferson, Roosevelt, and Lincoln are carved out of solid granite. Blasted would be a more suitable word. Each likeness measures



about 60 feet from chin to forehead. Gutzon Borglum, the noted sculptor, began work on the granite face of Mount Rushmore, August 10, 1927. After 6 1/2 years of actual work extending over a period of more than 14 years, the work on the sculptures came to an end in October, 1941. Borglum himself had died 7 months earlier at the age of 74, leaving the final work to his son, Lincoln Borglum. The memorial cost \$989,992.32. Federal appropriations were \$836,000.00. Walter took pictures of the sculptures. We also visited the concessions building where the scenes from "North by Northwest" were filmed. That crazy movie was what got me started on the idea to visit Mount Rushmore way back then when we lived in Avenel.

The next morning we went to Custer to the Landromat to do some washing, and Walter had the car greased. After the chores were completed, we went to Crazy Horse Mountain. This is another carving to be made out of a mountain of the Indian Chief Crazy Horse astride his charger, as a memorial to Indian heroes. The statue will be 641 feet long and 563 feet high. It will be carved on all three sides of the mountain. This is truly a monumental undertaking. Already the work has been going on for 11 years and it will take another 20 years to finish. The sculptor is Korczak Ziolkowski, age 51. He donates his time and services free to work on the statue. He works on the statue 5 1/2 days a week from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. and had only 3 men helping him. He has 9 children; 7 were born since his marriage in 1950 to Ruth Ross. The other 2 children are from his wife's first marriage. The sculptor supports his family by raising cattle on his ranch and a milk parlor which produces premium milk. At 5 a.m. and 5 p.m. he and his wife tend to the milking parlor. He also purchased a sawmill in preparation for the time when he will need large dimension lumber for platforms for the men to work on. The sawmill, at present, sells finished lumber. These 2 enterprises are bringing in the money to supply the equipment and the dynamite for the statue. All contributions are private or from the sale of tickets and souvenirs at Crazy Horse. There is no Federal Aid for this project. Almost singlehandedly, Ziolkowski has acquired the mountain, land, equipment, and money to do the work on the statue. I

would call him a man of dedication and purpose.

We continued on our tour and drove through Custer State Park. Here were supposed to be herds of buffalo and antelopes. We saw only a few, and everytime we tried to take pictures of them, they either turned away or walked behind a tree. We also saw some prairie dogs. Walter got out of the car to take a picture and they all ran into their holes.

We also saw some jackasses, I mean donkeys, on the road. They stopped smack in the middle of the road, and when you stopped your car, they ambled over and stuck their heads in the car windows looking for something to eat. We fed them, and so did all the other dumb tourists. The boys squealed with delight; they really got a bang out of it. One man got out of his car and climbed onto the back of one. It didn't phase the donkey a bit. I took a picture of that, and of the donkeys panhandling by our Rambler.

Our next stop was Wind Cave. This cave is in a mountain with elevations from 3,880 to 4,080 feet. We went down in an elevator 290 feet to get into the cave. (Now try to figure that one out.) The cave was formed 250 million years ago, when Pahasapa limestone was deposited in an ancient sea which covered the region. Ground waters containing carbonic acid dissolved the limestone along the fractures in the rock. The forces that uplifted the Black Hills region also thrust up this particular cave. The water drained away and left the cave high and dry. We saw beautiful boxwork, frostwork, and crystal-lined cavities, all due to deposits of calcite which were left, forming beautiful and interesting patterns after the limestone was washed away. My "rock-picking hands" were itching for specimens, but the word was "no touch, no take, or you get locked up." So I was foiled again. The temperature in the cave winter and summer is 47 degrees, and I can assure you it was most welcome after the 100 degrees outside.

After the Cave, we went back to Custer in search of the Scott Mine and rose quartz. We found Scott's store and the

lady, who is also the mine owner, sweetly informed us that they did not let the public into the mine. Shucks! Foiled again. The lady had quite a store with all kinds of rocks. We bought a few specimens and bombarded her with a thousand questions. The more we see of rocks, the more we know what the different kinds look like. I'm sure I could identify a lot of them, if I find them. My trouble is, I only find rocks that I haven't seen in the stores, so I still can't identify them.

The next day, and our last one touring the Black Hills, we again went over the Needles Highway and the scenic road to Mount Rushmore. The purpose of this was to see what we had missed in the dark and retake pictures. It was worth the second trip because the scenery was spectacular. We also stopped several times and picked rocks. I mean we hacked them out of the granite. We got some mica, feldspar and biotite mica, and some other unknowns. We also went to Mount Rushmore to look the statues over in the daylight. Towards afternoon, we headed back to Rapid City and took the skyline drive overlooking the city.

We stopped at Dinosaur Park, which has full scaled replicas of the dinosaurs that once roamed the area made out of concrete. We visited the Petrified Forest which had whole trees of petrified wood laying horizontally in the sand. Again the word was "no removal of specimens or a \$100 fine." Believe me, this rock collecting hobby is the most fascinating hobby I have ever had, but also the most frustrating. In the shop at the Petrified Forest was a piece of polished, petrified wood, one foot thick and two feet in diameter. The colors and grain were beautiful; price--\$800.00!

The next day we headed home via the Badlands. The 40 mile strip of South Dakota's White River Badlands covers an area of more than 170 square miles. The sedimentary rock which one sees today of delicately color-banded formations was deposited 40 million years ago. At that time, the region was a broad marshy plain, covered with vegetation and crossed by sluggish streams. Down from the highlands flowed silt which dropped part of its sedi-

ments on the flat plain. Toward the end of the period of deposition, after more than 2,000 feet of sediments had been deposited, the scene changed. Volcanic activity hurled into the air great quantities of finely fragmented material which the prevailing westerly winds bore eastward and spread as an ashen blanket over what is now the Badlands. The climate gradually changed from moist to semi-arid. Silt-laden streams slowed down and finally stopped flowing. There was a lifting of the earth's crust and erosion began. And the face of the land changed. Streams now began to cut into the soft sedimentary rocks, exposing the whitish ash beds and the pink, red, tan, brown, bluish-gray, and gray layers of clays and shales and limestones. The landscape began to appear as it looks today. The processes of erosion continue. The occasional heavy rains are major factors in the formation of the Badlands terrain. The soft rocks and loose soil are rapidly sculptured during the brief heavy rains, but they dry quickly and harden.

Again we headed east, and this was the worst day of all. It was hot and so was the wind. We were miserable and drank ice water all the way back across the state of South Dakota. Near sundown we reached Mitchell, S.D., which is famous for the only Corn Palace in the world. The harvest season is the climax of the year's work for farmers and to celebrate, a week-long festival is held at the Corn Palace every year. The first one was held way back in 1892. The Corn Palace is freshly redecorated each year during Indian Summer and requires between two and three thousand bushels of corn. In the early days various shades of corn were arranged in geometric and formal designs to cover the exterior, but in late years there have been elaborate pictures usually depicting a scene such as wild game, hunting, or pioneer history. These pictures are formed in panels and composed of white, red, yellow, blue and other shades of corn, all of which appear in their natural color. To form these pictures, the individual cobs, with the corn on, are sawed lengthwise by small power saws, the halves then nailed flat side into wooden panels which are fastened to the brick

walls of the building. The appearance and design of the Corn Palace are greatly enhanced by bright colored Moorish minarets and towers along its roof. One of the principal features of the Corn Palace Festival is the street show. Nine blocks of the Main Street are closed to all traffic and turned into a street carnival. In addition, at the Corn Palace, there are agricultural exhibits and a name band and vocalists are engaged for the entire festival. The Corn Palace was an interesting sight to see and we only wish we could have been there during the festival which is held during the middle of September.

The next day, Saturday, September 3, we headed for home. By this time we were tired of the traveling and the assortment of beds and food. We left Mitchell, S.D., at 8:30 a.m. and Walter drove straight to Marquette, Mich., a distance of 743 miles. We arrived in Marquette at 1:15 a.m. And so ends the story of our trip to South Dakota. We enjoyed our trip very much, and hope someday to repeat it, but NOT in August. We will go in May when it is cool and the prairies are green and the flowers are blooming in the Badlands. By that time we hope to know more about rocks and be able to find good specimens. We'll explore the rock locations I have written down. Also the boys will be older and will be junior geologists by that time--and be easier to handle? Or maybe just we two can make the trip.

The total mileage for eight days was 2,527 miles.

Muriel Bobko

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Knife of Hopewellian Indian Culture

Chester Bignall.

(A short article about a prehistoric Indian point that came into my possession during this summer of 1961.)

I could jazz this up with a lot of words about the thrill of digging this up myself, etc., but the fact is that I got it from a neighbor's basement. The neighbor, Ernest Gentz, operates a small farm adjoining my property on County Road 480, and he is the person who found it while

working his ground. Knowing of my interest in rocks, he took me into his basement one day to show me the odd one that he had found in his garden. I didn't know much more about it than he did, but I guessed at once that it was not just an ordinary arrow head, so I bought it from him on the spot.

I decided to try and identify it, and Mr. Ken Boyer at the Marquette County Historical Society furnished me with some material to look through, among which I found what I wanted--a booklet from the Milwaukee Public Museum called "Prehistoric Indians of Wisconsin" by Robert E. Ritzenthaler, the curator.

I wrote to Mr. Ritzenthaler for a copy and included a sketch of the point. I received the booklet and also his confirmation that according to the sketch, it must be a Hopewell point. Any member wishing to read this booklet may do so.

Incidentally, this point is 5 1/8 in. long and is pictured and described in the booklet as a knife. It is probably in the neighborhood of 2,000 years old.

The term (Hopewell) was given to these people because of the site in Ohio where the first indications of this culture were excavated. Later finds indicate that some part of this culture migrated up the Mississippi and settled in the area including parts of the Counties of Ford, Trempealeau, Monroe, and Vernon of Southern Wisconsin, and occupied this territory roughly speaking about 800 to 1,000 years from about 500 B.C. to 500 A.D.

Actually, little is known as to where they come from and where they disappeared after this period, but it is known from excavations that they were exceptional workmen in stone, pottery, and copper. They also must have been great traders, for among their chipped points were materials from a wide area including the Rocky Mountain obsidian and U.P. or Isle Royal copper. Their use of copper may indicate a trading route through the U.P. and may explain the loss of a valuable weapon so far from any known site of these people. There are no known sites of these mysterious people in the U.P., and no connection has ever been established between them and any later-day tribes.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE  
MIDWEST FEDERATION OF MINERALOGICAL AND  
GEOLOGICAL SOCIETIES - June 29-July 2, '61

It's all over but the shouting, and our hats are off to an excellent piece of work by the Tri-County Rocks & Mineral Society, its able and courteous workers, and its chairmen, the Spragues and the Sommerfields. Your Gems & Mineral Fair was a huge success from every viewpoint that we have made. We hope that you think that it was worth the efforts expended on such a fine project. I know that it took a lot of collective efforts on the part of everyone in your club and even some that were not in the club.

This Gem and Mineral Fair and Convention was named and organized in honor of Dr. Ben Hur Wilson, who was our organizer and first President of the Midwest, and it was not coincidental that Dr. Wilson helped and organized the American Federation of Mineralogical Societies.

Ishpeming Rock & Mineral Club members in attendance were: Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Mortenson, Pontiac; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sprague, Saginaw; Mrs. Irene Krebs, Saginaw; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Breau, Saginaw; Mr. and Mrs. William Kelly, Clarendon Hills, Illinois; Mr. Richard Lake, Chisholm, Minnesota; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Murray and sons, Albert, Jr., and Ron, of Escanaba; Lewis Larson, Menominee; and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Markert and son, Scott, of Ishpeming.

The Mineral Fair was held in the Saginaw Fair Grounds with spacious accommodations being given to the many club and individual exhibits. The Ishpeming Rock & Mineral Club was represented unofficially with a display of Kona Dolomite jewelry, spheres, and miscellaneous items.

A large number of dealers occupied the better portion of three buildings, and the variety of material that was offered for sale was really and truly "fantabulous". One building housed the larger minerals, and was called the Hall of Giants. Art Breau's Chalcedony Agatized coral head was prominently displayed among large sized chunks of jade, huge bladed calcites from Mexico, and many others.

The Flint Club aided the Tri-County Club with an active demonstration of the Lapidary arts.

Outstanding events were the many lectures, field trips, Bulletin Editors' Breakfast (which we attended), silent auction, and Banquet.

Business sessions of the Midwest included a meeting of the Executive Board on June 30, and the Council Meeting on July 1, 1961. A special report will be given the club at its first indoor fall meeting covering the many things taken up at this business meeting.

Officers for the current year are:  
President - Leo Yanasak, Des Moines;  
Vice President - Bernice Rexin, Milwaukee  
Secretary - Mrs. Walter Steinbrenner,  
Des Moines;  
Treasurer - William H. de Neuf, Minneapolis, Minnesota;  
Historian - Dr. Ben Hur Wilson, Joliet, Illinois.

It will be impossible in the space available to list all of the winners of prizes at this Gem & Mineral Fair, but the four BEST are:  
Club Exhibits (best of the show) - Earth Science Club of Northern Illinois;  
Best Display (Federation Trophy) - Grand Rapids Mineral Society;  
Best Individual Exhibit - Charles H. Smart;  
Best Individual Exhibit - Willis W. Atwell.

In closing this report on the Twenty-First Convention, I must say that we all enjoyed the show immensely, meeting old friends and striking up new acquaintances, the swap sessions, and just being together again.

We are now looking forward to the next Convention which should be a big and gala affair. DES MOINES in 1962 - July 27, 28, 29, 30, and 31. The exposition will be themed as "America the Beautiful."

REMEMBER - VETERANS' AUDITORIUM, DES MOINES, IOWA. Plan your vacation now, and we'll see you there. How about bringing along a display of some kind?

Bob Markert

Dear Friends:

It is with a heavy heart that I try to write you these few lines. The inspiration, ambition, and gumption are gone. I don't know if the world has fallen in on me or the bottom fallen out under me. I'm afraid my fond hobby as a specimen collector has been knocked for a whole row of Bulgarian Blimps. I've always thought of myself as a man with a lot of intestinal fortitude, and have risked my life many times in war and peace without a wimper, some times carelessly too. Now, though, I feel done in and lack any incentive to do anything. Ah, me. I do not ask for sympathy nor do I want anyone to feel sorry either. I have brought all this on myself, being so selfish as to spend all my time on my own hobby and always looking into my own interests. You are entitled to your own opinion and welcome to it too as to whether I'm to be pitied or censured and after reading what follows, you can do so.

This all started about two weeks ago when a fireman told me to come down and see some specimens he had from the old New York mine. He wanted to trade some for a piece of my spar from Cumberland Co., N. England. I couldn't see it that way though, and just went down to see what he had--nothing hot to look at. So, I went over to my favorite pool room for a drink of pop and before going in, stopped to look in the window. Inside were 5 or 6 high school kids and a huge mountain of a man we call Big John. They were at the pin ball machine and one of them spied me looking in and nudged Big John. Then they all looked my way and smiled kind of silly like and I saw Big John's lips moving as he said something to the boys. Probably said, "Here comes Rock Head! Well folks, I opened the door and ventured in and Big John was talking as though carrying on a conversation he had started sometime before. As I shut the door, he was saying, "Yes boys, there she was, a hole big as a barrel top. I looked in, but could not see the end, so I pulled out my fish pole full length and felt in there, but no end to it, and it got bigger inside. Yes boys," he says, glancing at me, "I never saw anything like it--all clusters of shiney grape ore and between the seams there were crystals of all colors. I'm

going out there someday with a truck and bring in a whole load of it." I became very interested right off the bat, but tried not to let on. The clock showed 8:30 a.m., so the proprietor chased the kids to school, but John stayed--just what I wanted.

Now this Big John is a whale of a guy weighing from 280 to 300 lbs., depending on the season. He is heavier in winter than in the summer, as he sticks pretty close to the taverns in winter. He's got a face on him like a ham and nearly as greasy, and eyes that are bleary and look like the eyes of a herring on ice. All eight of his gnarled teeth are stained black. Standing out on his mug is a long sharp nose as prominent as a sore thumb. He can drink more booze than any 3 men in town and not even stagger. This same guy is foxy and tricky and fond of making it tough for others, but can't stand much himself. Well, I idles over to the counter and order my pop and invited John to join me. This only insulted him, so I finished my drink quick and asked John if he would like a "shot" of Old Cross Cut. "Now yer talkin'" says he. So we went across to Pete's Place and stayed about 2 hours--me treating. I tried several times to get on the subject of specimens without success. Then about the 8th drink, and I was looking at the clock pretty often, he at last broke down.

"You talk about nice specimens," he said, "Hmmm. I never dreamed of anything like I seen out there before." So I cut in quick, but not too anxious. "Where is this place, Mr.---" and I tried to think of his last name, but couldn't. "Well, you would like to know, hey?" he said. So I said, "Yes, I would," kind of casual like. "I'll tell you what," says he, "Buy me a beer and I'll tell you." O.K. and I added that I'd buy him a quart of Old Crow if I found the place. So he licked his chops and grinned a broad grin and started to talk as follows. "You go out the Cliff Drive until you come to the old railroad track going into the Ogden Pit. You cross the track and go about 200 yards up the road and cut into the woods to your right and go in there about 1/4 of a mile. You will come to a big ledge jutting out and

at the bottom of it behind some hazel nut bushes, you'll see the hole." Holy Mackinaw! Was I excited! "Now," he says, "if you find it, don't play Hog. I want some myself," he says. "They'll be good to get me some drinks."

I was in a hurry, so I bid him good day and beat it, getting home just in time for lunch. I was all a quivering and shaking with joy and the wife looked at me several times in a queer sort of way and shook her head. And as I left the house with my bag and pick, she sighed and said, "Poor guy--no hopes."

It was 2 miles to the place I was supposed to find by taking a short cut across the Lake Sally Creek and even with my arthritis, I made good time. I got out there O.K. as I know that woods like a book. I hunted game out that way for 40 years. I searched in vain all afternoon, getting home just at sunset. I went out the next day and the next for a week, twice getting caught in a downpour of rain. I didn't even find the ledge. I was raging mad and could have massacred someone right then.

Now, suddenly it dawned on me. I had been taken--and good. Big Blubber Gut had set out his bait very craftily that day in the Pool Room and I had swallowed it hook, line and sinker. I vowed then and there that some day I'd have my revenge if I had to sell some of my best rocks to buy a shotgun to do it. So, I had to give it up, and my wife was giving me some awful looks.

About a week later, just after our noon lunch, the wife said she had been longing for a stuffed, baked trout. So after I had done the dishes and swept the floor, I went downtown and got a beauty about 4 1/2 lbs. caught the day before in Lake Superior off Marquette.

I came out of the store and around the corner with about a foot and a half of the tail end sticking out from under my arm, and about 50 feet down the street who did I run into the Big Lard Barrel. He had been shopping over on the other street, and had a well-filled shopping bag by the loops. I looked him in his watery eyes and asked in a sarcastic way,

"Hey, Big Boy, how about that specimen vug you told me about? I couldn't find it." Well folks, he let out with a jackass's roar of laughter that I'm sure could be heard down Main Street. I could feel my blood boil. "Haw, haw, haw," he bellows, "Didn't I tell you that was only a dream I had?" Dream! Humph! I began to tremble and I could hear my false teeth rattle in my mug. I grabbed the tail of the fish in my right hand and let the head swing down. Then grasping it in both hands, I swung from the sidewalk, a home-run wallop, too. I plastered John across the pus with the trout and it slipped out of my hands and skidded up the sidewalk, badly frightening two gossiping women on the corner. A terrible look came over the face of Big John, and he slowly put his shopping bag down and reached inside. When I saw his big hand coming out clutching a carton of eggs, I knew it was time to go, and fast. I scrambled down the first alley I came to, and out onto First Street. Out and across Pearl Street heading due South, I got a break from John as he had to wait for a moving van to pass, and I gained more valuable time. I kept going, and when I reached the bank of the railroad tracks, I looked back. There was Big John a coming two blocks away, still clutching the carton of eggs. I scrambled up the tracks, across the junk yard road, and dropping down flat, I rolled under the bottom of the barbed wire fence and into the pasture on the other side. I wondered if the fence would stop Big John. I looked back again and there he was, still coming fast. I started making more tracks. I had about 50 yards to go to the other side, when I dropped, unable to go another foot. I was completely winded and my arthritis was giving me a terrible pain. Big John was already in the pasture and he had seen me fall. Seeing easy Victory so close at hand, he came on with long, deliberate walking strides. His body was lurched forward, his jaw stuck out, his beady eyes gleamed. He was shaking the eggs at me with his right hand, and his left hand looked like the claws of a vulture with the fingers crooked and spread out. Oh, me! My time had come. My whole life went before my eyes.

Then folks, the miracle happened. A heifer that was at this moment contentedly grazing on the timothy and clover over by the side fence, had left a visiting card in the field some hours before in direct line between me and the oncoming mountain of blubber. At a distance of 25 yards, he lowered his big ham of a head and prepared to charge in for the slaughter. He leaped forward and as he brought his right foot down, it came down right smack on the aforementioned visiting card. He took the fanciest swan dive I've ever seen, right on his snout.

I knew it was now or never for me, so I got up and dashed for the hole in the bottom of the fence. I made it through OK and went as fast as I could for Jasper Street. I turned around, but no Big John in sight. I rushed home as fast as I could, opened the door, shut it, and bolted it as fast as I could again.

The wife was pretty mad at me, and she told me that I'd have to quit this stupid hobby. She got even madder while she was talking to me, and I knew that I wouldn't be able to get a word in edgewise with her.

She said I had promised to make some nice cement work outside for her for many years, that today I was going to start. I was to get a wheelbarrow and haul out all my rocks and use them in the foundation.

When I asked what I'd do for a hobby, she said she had one all lined up for me--gardening! Bah, what do I know about gardening? So the future looks pretty bleak for me right now as far as my rock collecting goes.

Well folks, so long and good luck to all of you.

Very dejectedly yours, Jasper Joe.

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 DID YOU KNOW?

There were 34 producing mines on the Marquette Range in 1914. Four mines were being developed and 70 were abandoned (partially completed.).  
 Minutes of the Lake Superior Mining Institute.

Curiosity overcame discretion and I got acquainted with a couple for these rockhounds. They seemed like very normal people in spite of what I have heard and written to you about. They sleep and eat like everyone, but I think they eat more. They drive cars and have homes like other people. They are educated and nice to talk with, so don't be afraid of them.

There is one thing I must warn you about. Don't mention stones or rocks!! Be careful about this. If you do so accidentally, change the subject right away. They might have a stroke or something. I asked one about a rock and he sure acted funny. A far-away look came into his eyes. He trembled, his face became red, and he mumbled something about vacation, stalactite, hematite, appetite, and morons. I didn't understand him, got worried, and will never bring up the subject again.

Rocky

from The Michigan Gem News- August, 1961  
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Bifocals are not a sign of old age. They are a way of telling the world you are still young enough not to want to miss anything going on around you.

from the Rock Bag  
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Shop Pips:

Experience is what causes a rockhound who has made the same mistake twice to bust up the third mistake and toes it into the tumbler.

from Rockhound Rambling - 7/61  
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Contribute your article to the Jasperite if you have not already done so.

## AMBER - Gem of the Ages

Sixty million years ago, the frigid, stormy Baltic Sea was as warm as the southern Mediterranean of today. Stately conifers, giant trees larger than our redwoods, grew in luxuriant splendor on its shores. Then came the glacial ages which swept this floral splendor into oblivion. Though this was long before the age of man, there was an eye witness who captured evidence of life in that era. And that most dependable witness is Amber-- Gem of the Ages--the golden sap of those pre-historic, now extinct trees--the much prized precious stone hardened by time, temperature and great pressure.

Amber is found in the "Blue Earth" and is a relic of the early Tertiary period. It varies in size from a tiny drop to an 8 inch golden sphere.

The Greeks, Assyrians and Phoenicians first traded in Amber and held it a precious substance. The Empress Poppaea set the vogue by having Amber jewelry made for herself. Nero gratified the demands of the Roman ladies for this new ornamentation by dispatching an expedition for it. Wines the color of Amber became the rage and women dyed their hair to match its beautiful shades.

Especially prized--Amber has been of inestimable value to scientists in many fields. By a miracle, Amber has preserved animal and vegetable life of 60,000,000 years ago. Apparently, when the golden sap flowed from the trees, it caught and trapped vegetation, insect life of that time, and even tiny drops of water. Amber flowed around these specimens, cutting off air and holding them in a perfect state of preservation. As Amber hardened, the plants and insects were fused into permanent display cases. And, due to the purity of Amber, the state of preservation of these fossils is phenomenal. Fleas which bit dinosaurs still retain their tiny feelers and bees which pollinated prehistoric flowers still carry their fuzz.

Our stone-age sisters were first to treasure and wear Amber for its natural beauty and charm. Today augmented by skillful fashioning modern women every-

where confirm this love of Amber through the ages.

### More facts about Amber:

Amber is almost certainly the earliest form of jewelry.

Amber and the diamond are the only gems of vegetable origin.

Amber was called "elektron" by the early Greeks, and from it was derived our word electricity.

Amber is the lightest in weight of all gems.

Amber necklaces in addition to their matchless beauty, have been worn throughout the ages to protect against throat ailments. This custom is probably related to that quality of amber which enables it to store up static electricity. Amber is the only gem which is warm and "feels good" to the touch.

Amber Weeding is the tenth anniversary. Amber occurs in shades varying from water white to black. The most popular types are clear golden transparent yellow, cloudy buttercup yellow, opaque and rich antique brown.

Amber rosaries were first created by a guild of old-world master craftsmen-- "Paternoster Makers" in Bruges, Flanders in 1420. They are considered the most beautiful of all rosaries.

The World famous Amber Guild Collection of museum pieces is valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars and is one of the most interesting and beautiful of all gem collections.

Contributed by Mamie Jarvi

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Copper appears in Marquette County to some extent both in ore and in natural form. (The Editor owns a crystalline specimen found by her father many years ago in the Athens Mine, Negaunee.)

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Our thoughts are the matrix, the mine, the fountain, the source of all that we are and of all that we may be.

W. Q. Judge  
from the Treasure Chest

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The joy of this world, when you have summed it up, is found in the making of friends.

William C. Wolf-Muller



TWO WEEKS ON THE ROAD  
OR  
TWO ROCKHOUNDS IN A VOLKSWAGON

This summer I had a whole month's vacation. My mother and I decided to go on a trip somewhere for a week. I have an aunt who lives near Duluth, Minnesota, whom we hadn't visited for sometime. So, although it wasn't far, we decided to go there and do some rockhounding.

We drove to Cloquet on Monday, July 10. The next morning, my mother, aunt (who is not a rockhound, but gives good evidence of becoming one of those weird creatures), and I drove along the beautiful North Shore Drive. We passed some rock shops on the way up to Grand Marais, but it was very early in the morning and they were still closed.

When we arrived in Grand Marais, we stopped in a beautiful gift shop and purchased some souvenirs. Then we backtracked a few miles and walked out to the beach looking for some of the famed Minnesota thompsonites. We found some pieces on the beach--about six! We also found a few nodules in the matrix. We had been shown the proper technique for removing the nodules, but I'm afraid I needed a lot of practice (still do) for I wasn't successful. All I got was more pieces.

After a few hours, we left and started our drive back. For scenic drives, the North Shore is tops! There are so many rivers and views of Lake Superior--all fixed with stop-offs, picnic tables, and historic markers for tourists. There were at least a dozen rock shops and gift shops advertising rocks. We stopped at them all, making a few purchases, including a specimen of colorful Mexican crazy lace agate.

In three different shops on display were fabulous Minnesota thompsonites over an inch in diameter--with a "Not for Sale" sign. They sure were beauties worth seeing. (Just think of all the pieces I would have if I had found anything of that size and tried to remove it from the matrix!)

We got home rather early that day.

The following day, we three drove from Cloquet to Hibbing. We looked up Con Peterson. He was just unpacking some rocks, and showed them to us. I fell in love with a gorgeous yellow quartz crystal group in his case. I haven't seen anything like it anywhere.

While we were there, Dick Lake called from Chisholm. He invited us to come up to the Museum of Mining there. Dick met us at the gate and gave us a pass. We enjoyed the tour very much, especially the many rock and mineral displays.

Dick arranged for a substitute, and he in our car, and some other rockhounds left for the collecting areas.

Our first stop was at the gravel pile for agates. The gravel piles are actually mine dumps. The dump we stopped at was about four stories high. It was so badly eroded that it resembled a huge piece of corrugated cardboard. A person climbing up one gully could speak, but not see, the person in the next gully. There had been no rainfall whatsoever in the area for over six weeks, and the pile was as hard as cement.

Heights terrify me, but I worked my way up to the top. A grand view of the area was my reward along with some agates. Then the problem of how to get down! I recommend a pair of pants with a well-reinforced seat. I slid down most of the way, picking up a fine tube agate about halfway down. Up and down once more, then my courage deserted me and I collected on the bottom. The area had been well picked over in the time when no new material had been exposed due to the lack of rainfall. The agates we found that day equaled three years' collecting in the Copper Country, however. We were most satisfied.

Returning, we visited the Ramponi's who have quite a bit of agate--over 600 pounds, if I remember correctly. Their goal is to collect a ton of agate!--before they purchase the equipment and

begin polishing. They don't want to run out of material--and I don't think they will. They've done this collecting in about three years, so you can just imagine what the gravel dumps yield!

We stopped at another place, but no one was home. It was a rockhound's home for sure. The sidewalk had quite a few lovely slabs of agate in it. My mother felt that here was our best collecting--where were our hammers and chisels? We were sorry we were not able to see this man's collection--the outside of his home so stirred our imagination as to the contents inside.

We then stopped at the viewpoint overlooking the famed Hull-Russ Pit. It's something to see--the huge hole dug deep into the earth by man.

Then we went to one of the numerous mines. There we found goethite, goethite, and more goethite--a new variety in that each specimen consisted of paper-thin layers on top of each other, each layer rich in iridescent colors. Unfortunately, only small pieces were to be had. We gathered up some of these colorful specimens and left.

At this time Dick persuaded us to go to a meeting in Ely put on by the University Women and the Ely Greenstones, a branch of the Mesabi Rock and Mineral Club. We returned to Chisholm and then drove up toward Ely.

We stopped in Soudan and picked up a box of diamond drill cores of the Ely Greenstone, the oldest rock in the area. We also viewed their equivalent of our Jasper Knob, except that the predominating color was yellow in this attractive outcropping. We also visited some rockhounds there for a few brief minutes. The specimens from the Soudan Mine are fabulous, especially the quartz crystals. I have two specimens from that mine of which I am very proud.

We arrived in Ely, ate a hasty lunch at a Drive-in, and found the meeting place. The speaker was Dr. A. I. Levorsen. He talked about the geological formation of Minnesota. I was surprised to find myself very much interested. He had charts

and colored slides interspersing and illustrating his speech. But, I was so exhausted that I wasn't able to retain very much. All I remember was the Duluth Gabbro, Ely Greenstone, glaciers that moved east and west instead of north and south, and a few of his magnificent slides.

A long table had been set up and many beautiful specimens were on display. Outstanding in my mind were three individual crystals about one to two inches high of pale green calcite and a specimen of brilliant red calcite--both from the Soudan Mine!

After the meeting, the club served coffee and lunch to the approximate number of 100 who attended the meeting. By this time though, we were so tired (and we still had 200 miles to drive) that we had to forego this portion of the evening's social activities. It was about 10 p.m. I had already fallen asleep once, so my mother had to drive back. We arrived at my aunt's at 1 a.m.

The next morning we decided to come back to Negaunee. We stopped at Ironwood and looked up Doc Eddy. We enjoyed his excellent collection. Then he promised me a fine quartz crystal specimen from Wisconsin. Unfortunately, we couldn't take it back then as we were already babying three specimens and couldn't handle a fourth.

The following morning, Friday, we decided to go to Oshkosh for some marcasite. We stopped at Menominee to see if Louie Larson would like to accompany us. Louie and Don were in Iowa doing a bit of rockhounding on their vacation though. Louie's grandmother showed us his collection. He has beautiful specimens beautifully displayed in his room. I wish we could have spent more time looking at them and at his paintings and driftwood. Louie's quite an artist!

We got to Oshkosh, only to find that the quarry is closed to all collecting. All the beautiful marcasite and calcite is being crushed. It's enough to break any rockhound's heart.

We had a piece of grape ore we had

promised to deliver to some rockhounds in Wausau for Doc Eddy. We looked up Wausau on the map and started off. We found out where the Miller's lived--they were home--and what a home! Shelves on the living room walls held magnificent crystals of quality seen usually in museums. In the corner of the living room, cleverly concealed, was all his polishing equipment! "No excuse for making a mess when you polish," was his answer to my astonished gasp of surprise. We traded for a few specimens including some marcasite and moonstone. Then we left.

That day we drove 638 miles, arriving home at 12 that night. We sure were tired. So Saturday, Sunday, and Monday we sort of relaxed--washing and ironing clothes, cleaning house, unpacking rocks and other souvenirs, repacking, etc.

On Tuesday, we left for Minnesota again. Wednesday we returned to the gravel pile near Chisholm. We collected for awhile. Soon a man came along, picking agates. We found out that he owned the land. He said he knew of a better place to collect; to follow him, which we did. We ended up on a gravel road. That road was full of agates! What a country for agates! You look for them on the roads, on piles on the sides of roads, in holes on the sides of roads, on railroad tracks, in rivers and lakes, in fields, in mines,--just everywhere you can possibly look for rocks and you find agates!

The following day, I decided that I'd had my vacation, so we left for home once more. We stopped at Ironwood again and got the promised specimen from Doc.

Altogether we drove over 3,000 miles in the two weeks we spent on vacation. Between the new specimens in our collection and all the wonderful memories of friendly people met, rock collections and scenic wonders viewed, we had a most enjoyable trip. (Kind of balanced off our dismay at not being able to go on the Lake Superior trip with the other lucky members of our club who did get to go.)

One unusual experience we had was on our trip to Grand Marais. We met a man and his family on the thompsonite beach who had traveled many hundreds of miles

from someplace up in Canada. His destination was Negaunee, Michigan, to some people with whom we are acquainted. Small world!

We also ran across some puzzling marks on the roads there. Small airplanes, about two feet in dimension, were painted on the highway in either side lane. At first I thought they were to be used for emergency landing strips by airplanes in trouble, but they were even painted on sharp curves and hills. Can anyone tell me what they are and what they indicate?

Also amusing, were the road signs. At two places especially, we would come to an intersection on the highway where we would have to turn onto another highway. The sign would say 17 miles to Cloquet. When you turned onto the highway, there would be another sign saying 18 miles to Cloquet. It reminded me of Alice in Wonderland--the faster she ran the more distance she had to go to get where she wanted to go. This occurred several times.

Carol Kokko

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GIANT AGATE! Oiva Maki found a beautiful 17 pound 6.9 ounce Lake Superior Agate near Gilbert!

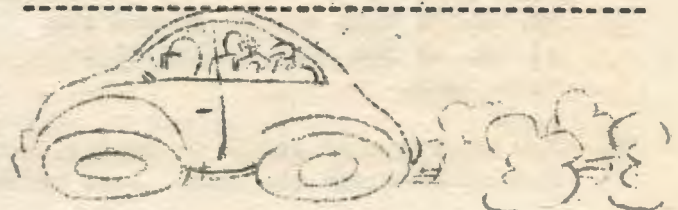
from the Mesabi Media - August, 1961.

(Didn't even go to Gilbert. What I might have found if I did with a lot of luck!)

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Shop Pips:

Experience is what causes a rockhound who has made the same mistake twice to bust up the third mistake and toss it into the tumbler.

from Rockhound Rambling - July, 1961  
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OH YEAH!

If you wish to collect on private land, here's ten sure rules to follow:

1. Never write or phone for permission; you just know he wants you to come anytime.
2. Always arrive late enough at night or early enough in the morning, so that you can race your motor and blow your horn long enough so you're sure he's awake to greet you.
3. If you must open a gate, be sure to leave it open so you can leave without bothering it again.
4. If there's a dog, be sure to chuck a couple of rocks at it to stop his barking. Also a couple of more rocks at the milk cows wakes them up.
5. When you come to a fence--whip out your wire-cutters and snip it fast so no one has to go over or under. That's why you brought nippers, ain't it?
6. If you see any livestock anywhere, see how close you can shoot without hitting them. It's great fun and you brought the gun to shoot, didn't you?
7. Now when you eat your lunch, be sure and toss your trash to the breeze; the horses shy so prettily at the fluttering papers. Also scatter the beer cans so there'll be plenty of iron in the soil.
8. When you dig for your rocks, try to make the biggest hole, and for goodness sake, don't fill it in. The rancher may want to plant trees and look at the work you'd save him.
9. If there is a plowed field or grain growing nearby, always go there to high-grade your material,--leave all you don't want spread around the field, as the next fellow might want them.
10. Now when you're ready to depart, don't bother to thank the man. Just raise

cain, raise hell, and raise all the dust you can. Then he'll know you had a good time and are leaving.

submitted by Paul Levy

from Rockhound Rambling - July, 1961.

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DID YOU KNOW?

Everyone is familiar with plaster of Paris and most persons know that it is made from the mineral called gypsum. But how many of us know that gypsum is a product of iron pyrites? Gypsum is formed by iron pyrites and calcite.

In the process of decomposition or weathering, iron pyrites release iron sulphate or sulphuric acid which combines with water and may be carried for long distances from its original source or may seep through many feet of porous rock or sand. If these chemicals happen to come in contact with calcite or lime stone, a reaction instantly takes place and the lime combines with the sulphuric acid to form sulphate of calcium or gypsum.

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Opal has the same chemical content as quartz. Opal is remarkable for the fact that it is one of the very few minerals which never show the slightest traces of crystalline formation. Common opal is uniform in color, yellowish, milky or reddish as the case may be. How are the colors formed? Purely by optical effects by numerous tiny cracks or fissures and films within the mass which reflect the rays of light and act like countless prisms by separating the white light into the various colors of the spectrum. There are also opals which appear plain and uniformly-colored when in the air, yet gleam and glisten with gorgeous hues when placed in water. These opals with their internal rainbows are known as precious opals or fire opals. In color they range from milky white to black, and their value depends upon the amount of fire they exhibit.

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Did You Know articles by Domenica Carlyn

## OHIO MINE FIELDTRIP

On Saturday, August 19, our club had planned on going on a field trip. Although the latter part of the summer has been on the dry side, it looked like the weekend was going to be wet. On Friday afternoon it started raining. "So what?" we said, "What's a little rain."

Having made a trip the night before to Iron River and getting back home on the late side, and not setting the alarm in order to catch some shut-eye in peace--I awoke at 6:30--rushed around like mad, making coffee and throwing in some kind of lunch, rounding up the rock hammers, sacks, safety glasses, and other equipment, and dashed off to meet the other rockhounds. We were to meet at the M & S Rock Shop parking lot.

The morning was kind of on the cool side. Dark clouds were rolling overhead. That didn't worry us in the least. We met a number of rockhounds already gathered there--Mr. and Mrs. Bill Kelly of Illinois and their grandson, Mr. Kirchner and his son from New York, plus two new club members, Janice Jarvela and Helen Bagglore of Ishpeming.

Hey! Where were all the others? Gone on vacations elsewhere--or cream puffs still in the sack? We did wait for others, but they just didn't show up.

Well, we signed up the release slips and decided to stop at the Ohio Mine at Michigamme. Oh Boy! I was in my glory! As we had been there only once before and had always dreamed of going there again, we really hit the jackpot! Elmer Jarvi came minus Mamie and the girls, Bob Markert came minus Nin and the boys, Dr. Grain and Chester Bignall of Marquette, and of course Carol and I.

By the time we arrived at our destination, the sky had cleared up and the day had turned out to be wonderful. We were at Rockhounds' Paradise. Beautiful smoky quartz crystals were found, amethyst crystals, calcite crystals, apopholite(?) crystals, marcasite, pyrite, asbestos, pre-cambrian coal, goethite, and a whole lot more. And I even found a nice crystal

of amethyst (my birthstone) with some samet-blende goethite inclusions!

We decided to spend the whole day there as everyone was having so much luck in finding nice specimens. Finally, in the late afternoon we left and stopped at the rock shop for a nice cold bottle of pop.

After refreshing ourselves, Bob took us to the kona dolomite quarry. Here he was swinging a big sledge hammer to break up the great big rocks inside the barbed wire fence--which reminded me of the comic sketch on the cover of the last issue of the Jaspilite--the fellow with a sledge hammer at a rock pile wearing a horizontally-stripped suit, if you know what I mean. Standing and watching Bob swing that sledge hammer, I started singing "Chain Gang".

After each one had picked out their choice pieces of kona dolomite, we all left for home. 'Twas the end of a perfect day!

Taine Kokko

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### DID YOU KNOW?

The mineral Selenium occurs in small quantities associated with many ores and minerals. When found with sulphur, it detracts from its value due to the red or brown color it imparts. A small amount added to glass renders it tough, almost unbreakable, although it gives a pinkish tint to the glass. It is never known to occur by itself. The most remarkable property of Selenium is that it is a non-conductor of electricity during the day, yet it becomes an excellent conductor of electricity in the darkness.

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In the walled cities of medieval Europe, a key to the gate was given to any distinguished and trusted person, so that he could come and go without being challenged by the guard. Thus originated the custom of presenting a distinguished person with the key to a city.



#### WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS -

Helen Baggione, Ishpeming  
Grover Bliss, Gwinn  
Walter, Muriel, Steven, and Robert Bobko,  
Marquette  
James, Sr., Mary, David and Jimmy Edwards,  
Marquette  
Kenneth Fulton, Paulding  
Roy Hansen, Gwinn  
Janice Jarvela, Ishpeming  
Lloyd and Douglas Kroon, Ishpeming  
Ben Knaus, Marquette  
Ruth, Linda, Leonard, and Nancy Lawson,  
Marquette  
Frank Matthews, Negaunee  
Donald Murray, Shingleton  
Laura Jo Mahoski, Ishpeming  
Norbert Neuheisel, O'Clair, Wisconsin  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Symons and John,  
Munising  
Frank and Meryl Tercha - ?  
Mrs. Julie Thompson, Ishpeming  
Joan Vanderberg, Marquette (Robert, too)  
Mrs. Glenn Wilson, Marquette.

#### NEW FIND

Gregg Hill of Negaunee found the first reported agate from the Dead River. It was a fist-sized agate of beautiful white banding. Since then, Bill Kelly has found two more - a 5 and an 8 pounder.

#### ANOTHER TRIP -

Ruth Jarvi was chosen as an alternate delegate to go to the East this summer for ten weeks with her Luther League group. By luck, one of the members was unable to go, and our friend did get to go. She had many, wonderful new experiences. Altogether she traveled over 3,500 miles, mostly by bus; and she saw a lot of our country. Did you bring back any rocks, Ruth?

#### VISITORS -

Irene Krebbs, past associate editor of our Jaspilite, was up for a short time this summer.

Leo and Margaret Yanasak, President of the M.W.F.; Vern and Charlotte Montgomery, Regional Vice-President of the M.W.F.; and Haydon and Jeanette Peterson, Letter-of-the-Month Editor, were up in the Ishpeming area for a short time visiting rock-hound friends also.

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The editor found the following in the May, 1955, copy of the Reader's Digest, and thought that it would go well with Muriel Bobko's splendid article -

Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor who created the Mount Rushmore Memorial, was once asked if he considered his work perfect in detail.

"Not today," he replied. "The nose of Washington is an inch too long. It's better that way, though. It will erode to be exactly right in 10,000 years."

#### From the Editor -

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Now you have almost completed reading this issue of the Jaspilite. You must have noticed that it was a bigger issue than usual. Our thanks go out to the many people who contributed articles for this and previous issues. As a matter of fact, we even have some material for the next Jaspilite. We gather from the response received that you do want our bulletin to continue, so please write and look for articles that can be used in the Jaspilite. Thank you.

This issue of "The Jaspilite" is being mailed  
through the courtesy of the  
M & S ROCK SHOP.

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240 and finer " " ... 5 lbs. for 1.75  
400 " " " ... 5 lbs. for 4.00  
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Cerium Oxide..... 1 lb. for 2.90  
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Lay-out Transfers (template)..... 1 for 1.00  
Paper 8" Sanding Disks..... 1 for .25.

BOOKS: Rocks & Minerals (Paper back)..... 1 for \$1.00  
A Field Guide to Rocks & Minerals... 1 for 4.50  
(Pough)  
Crystal & Mineral Collecting ..... 1 for 3.50  
(Sandborn)  
The Exciting World of Rocks and Gems.1 for .75  
(Trend)  
170-Page Catalogue.....1 for 1.00.

We will order any book on the hobby that you request.

ROUGH  
MATERIAL  
AND SOME  
SLABS:

Obsidian, howlite, rhodonite, jade, unakite,  
petrified wood, amethyst, petoskey stones, serpentine,  
rose quartz, slag, Oregon and California thunder eggs,  
Montana moss agate, Texas plume agate, Mexican crazy  
lace agate, Colorado rose bud agate, turritella agate,  
jaspilite, kona dolomite, and others.

MINERAL &  
CRYSTAL  
SPECIMENS

We have a wide variety of good specimens on hand.

IF WE HAVEN'T GOT WHAT YOU WANT, WE WILL ORDER  
SPECIALLY FOR YOU!

Carol Kokke

Box 324  
Negaunee, Mich

"  
Bulletin"  
"

~~Fred S. Lewis~~

~~Box 576~~